COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT,

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, EDITOR. "TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH." TERMS: $2 50 IN ADVANCE.

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BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL

Baltimore, Md.

ESTABLISHED as a REFUGE FROM QUACKERY.

The Only Place where a Cure can be obtained.

Dr. Johnson has discovered the most Certain, Speedy, and only Effectual Remedy in the World for Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Trembling, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose, or Bowels—those Terrible Disorders arising from Solitary Habits of Youth—secret and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence, or waked to ecstacy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

Married persons, or young men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformities, speedily cured.

He who places himself under the care of Dr J. may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

immediately Cured and full vigor restored.

This distressing affection—which renders life miserable and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived of the pleasure of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms of both body and mind arise. The System becomes deranged, the physical and mental functions weakened, loss of Procreative power, Nervous Irritability, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Constitutional Debility, a Wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, Decay and Death.

DR. JOHNSTON,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges in the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society, or marriage.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption &c.

MENTALLY—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded. Loss of memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirits, Evil Forbodings, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of Consumption.

YOUNG MEN

who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of our country, the pride of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequences of deviating from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons must, before contemplating

MARRIAGE,

reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conjugal happiness. Indeed, without these the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view, the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

Office, 7 South Frederick Street,

left-hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number.

☞ No letters received unless postpaid and containing a stamp to be used on the reply. Persons writing should state age and send portion of advertisement describing symptoms.

The Doctor's Diploma hangs in his office.

Endorsement of the Press.

The many thousands cured at this establishment within the last twenty years, and the numerous important Surgical operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of The Sun and many other papers, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guaranty to the afflicted.

Skin Diseases Speedily Cured.

April 22, 1865.—1y

New Skirt for 1865.

THE GREAT INVENTION OF THE AGE IN HOOP SKIRTS.

J. W. Bradley's New Patent Duplex Elliptic (or double) Spring Skirt.

West, Bradley & Cary, (late J. I. & J. O. West,) Sole Proprietors and manufacturers, 97 Chambers and 79 and 81 Reade Streets, New York

This invention consists of Duplex (or two) Elliptic Steel Springs, ingeniously Braided Tightly and Firmly together, edge to edge, making the toughest, most flexible Elastic and Durable Spring ever used. They seldom Bend or Break like the Single Springs, and consequently Preserve their perfect and beautiful shape twice as long as any other skirt.

The wonderful flexibility and great comfort and pleasure to any lady wearing the duplex Elliptic skirt will be experienced particularly in all crowded Assemblies, Operas, Carriages, Railroad Cars, Church Pews, Arm Chairs, for Promenade and House Dress as the Skirt can be folded, when in use, to occupy a small place as easily as a silk or muslin dress.

A lady having enjoyed the pleasure, comfort, and great convenience of wearing the "Duplex Elliptic Steel Spring Skirt" for a single day, will never afterwards willingly dispense with their use. For Children Misses, and Young Ladies, they are Superior to all others.

They are the best quality in every part, and unquestionably the Lightest, most durable, comfortable, and economical skirt ever made.

FOR SALE in all first class stores in this City, and throughout the United States, Canadas, Havana, Cuba, Mexico, South America, and the West Indies.

INQUIRE FOR THE DUPLEX ELLIPTIC SKIRT.

April 15, 1865.

BLOOMSBURG

Skylight Picture Gallery.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Bloomsburg and the public generally, that he has succeeded Mr. Rosenstock in the Photograph and Daguerrean business, at the well known Sky-Light Stand, in the Exchange Block over Stohner's Store, to which he has added a full Camera and improved material, by which he promises to take the most perfect

LIFE-LIKE PICTURES,

seated or standing, that have yet been produced in this section of Country.

This being the only establishment of the kind in Bloomsburg, and having been fitted up at heavy expense, it may be considered a first class LIKENESS SALOON. Groups or a single picture taken at any time. He solicits the public custom and trusts he will be able to render general satisfaction.

☞ ALBUMS AND PICTURE FRAMES, of all kinds, constantly on hand and for sale cheap.

CLEMENT GEARHART

Bloomsburg March 28, 1865.

Select Poetry.

WHEN I MEAN TO MARRY.

When do I mean to marry? Well—
'Tis idle to dispute with fate;
But if you choose to hear me tell,
Pray listen while I fix the date.

When daughters haste with eager feet,
A mother's daily toil to share;
Can make the puddings which they eat,
And mend the stockings which they wear;

When maidens look upon a man
As in himself that they would marry,
And not as army soldiers scan
A sutler or a commissary;

When gentle ladies who have got
The offer of a lover's hand,
Consent to share his "earthly lot,"
And do not mean his lot of land.

When young mechanics are allowed
To find and wed the farmer's girls,
Who don't expect to be endowed
With rubies, diamonds and pearls;

When wives, in short, shall freely give
Their hearts and hands to aid their spouses,
And live as they were wont to live
Within their sires' one story houses;

Then maiden—if I am not too old—
Rejoice to quit this lonely life,
I'll brush my beaver, cease to scold,
And look about me for a wife!

Thrifty and Careless.

Two girls sat in Mrs. North's nursery one cold January evening to enjoy the comfortable fire. The maid of all works was busy beside the evening lamp repairing an old gingham apron. It was a very unpromising piece of work when she began, but she worked away with a cheerful good will, and soon its appearance was greatly improved. Susan might it is true have bought her a new apron without any inconvenience; she had three hundred dollars out at interest, a legacy from her grandmother, but she prudently let it remain where it was, content with receiving her interest from it every year, and supplementing it with her earnings. Many had said to her they would not live out, now they could do better. "Why not invest her money learning a trade, which would be far more genteel?" But Susan was stout and hearty, work agreed with her, and sewing did not. She felt that if she did her duty and deported herself properly, she would be as much respected doing housework as if sewing for a living.

The children were all asleep, and the nurse was rocking leisurely beside the fire, while a trunkful of unmended clothes lay untouched in her room.

"Before I'd patch an apron! Susie," she said, laughing; "I know you will be an old maid, you are so particular."

"I would rather patch than wear ragged clothes," said Susan good naturedly. "I will not wear a torn dress if I can help it, but I have one which has a whole breadth made up of darns and patches. I wore it last winter through, and it will make good carpet rags, now."

Jane rocked and laughed away at her prudish companion, and Mrs. North, who was knitting by the table, remarked to Jane that it would be an awful thing if she would follow Susan's examples.

"I learned a lesson in economy when a young girl, which I never have forgotten, though it was from a very simple thing.—I was spending the night with a young friend, when her sister-in-law had occasion to cut out a new dress for her child. They were poor people, but she took down a roll of carefully ironed pieces of stout cloth and laid them out on her patterns, studying carefully over them, to see how she could piece out a lining to the best advantage. She was neither miserable nor parsimonious; she was only frugal, and her frugality was the secret of the family's prosperity. The dress looked just as neatly when it was done, as if the lining had not been made out of a half a dozen pieces—her husband is now Judge H——. If his wife had been a wasteful woman, he would never have had the means nor the heart to rise in the world.

"Girls you may set it down as a fact, that a woman who is not prudent and economical will never secure a comfortable living, even if she marries a man with ever so lucrative a business. If there is not thrift at home, there will never be a cheerful, comfortable look about anything. You know Mrs. Herson is always fretting because her husband does not get on in the world. She has a drawer full of finery, china-ware and the like, she is saving up until she shall get a better home and have a parlor." Her husband makes good wages, but it will be a long time I am afraid before she will get into that coveted house. She thinks it "mean" to practice the small economies—to warm the frying-pan and save the little drippings of suet, to piece out linnings, make over old clothes into lesser ones for the children. She will have a new sett of cheap jewelry every little while, that she may look like other folks.' Now there are plenty of other laboring men who make no more than he, who have now a little home and garden of their own, all acquired by their industry and frugality.

"I read a little book when a child, written by a great German writer called Zschokke. The title of it was "Mend the hole in your Sleeve." It began, I believe, with an account of two boys sitting down on a bench under the trees, telling what great things they would be and do when they were men.

"You will never be anything," said an old man who was seated near them. The lads turned, not well pleased at the interruption to their bright day dreams.

"I see that you have a hole in your sleeve," said he. "A boy that is going to be anything when a man, will not have a hole in his sleeve. If his mother or sister cannot mend it for him, he will mend it himself." The book follows the history of one of the lads, who took that as his motto, and the history abounds in useful suggestions and hints about mending all manner of bad, thriftless ways. I never knew any one read it without being influenced by it to repair and set in order their own possessions, whether they were little or much.

"Depend upon it, girls, careless, untidy people will never be thrifty, never get before-hand in the world. They live in constant discomfort, and have a thousand times more trouble for want of well-mended and promptly made garments than thrifty people ever have in putting theirs in order

A Sailor's Description of a Dance.

Haven't had any fun with the land lubbers till Thursday night at a dance.—When I arrived in the cabin found 'em underweigh on a Spanish dance. Took my station in line with Susan Tucker—fell back and fillen, then shot a head two fathoms—hauled up on the starboard tack to let another craft pass, and then came stern on another sail—spoke her and bore round against the sun, and fell in with another sail in full chase. Passed twenty sail on same course, and went half across to the other shore, dropt, a stern—fell back—couldn't fill, so let go anchor and hauled up for repairs.

Next time I was drawed into the current by a cowtillon, but didn't make much headway—shot ahead with Betsey Stark and sailed over to the other coast. Took a turn opposite, ranged a brest towards other crafts and back astern again—moved round to starboard—passed near partner's lights and made sail for berth.

Third time run me into port to the tune of the Tempest—the Yankee tar's favorite. Proceeding along the coast according to the regular order of sailing—bore ahead again—rounded to—then passing adversely yard arm by yard arm locked astern with the whole squadron in circular order of sailing—Sally Jones all the time manoeuvring and making signals when under full sail. Finally anchored after a heavy squall.

Don't Complain.

Don't complain of your birth, your trainging, your employment, your hardships; neves fancy you could be something if you only had a different lot or sphere assigned to you. God understands his own plans, and knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you must deprecate as fatal limitations and obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hinderances and discouragements are probably God's opportunities and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisons. No! a truce to all such impatience. Choke that devilish envy which gnaws at your heart because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will, and do his word, in your lot, in your sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations; and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your own good, but really consistent with it.

☞ The beauty of a religious life is one of its greatest recommendations. What does it profess? Peace to all mankind. It teaches us those arts which will render us beloved and respected, and which will contribute to our present comforts as well as our future happiness. Its great ornament is charity—it inculcates nothing but love and sympathy of affection—but it breaths nothing but the purest spirit of delight; in short, it is a system perfectly calculated to benefit the heart, improve the mind, enlighten the understanding.

The Emperor Nicholas and the Actor.

The following anecdote is new, and exhibits the late Emperor of Russia in a new character, as well as records one of the most happy escapes from an awkard position that wit and presence of mind might afford. Some years ago there was a very celebrated comic actor at St. Petersburg named Martioff. He had most extraordinary powers of imitation, and was a great favorite with the public as sometimes to venture interpolations of his own, instead of following the advice of Hamlet to the players to "speak no more than is set down for them." The Emperor at the same time had a high chamberlain, or personage filling a similar office, named Poloffsky. Whether for fun or malice, Martinoff while performing, contrived to let fly some puns against this great man, which were warmly received by the audience. The consequence was, as soon as the play was over, the actor found himself in the custody of a guard of soldiers, who took him to prison, where he was told he was to be confined for a fortnight. Not contented with this, Poloffsky either told the Emperor himself, or contrived that it should come to his ears, that the player had actually had the presumption to indulge in imitations of His Imperial Majesty.

On his liberation, Martinoff went to Court to pay his respects as usual, and the Emperor told him of this accusation, which he denied. "Well," said the Emperor, "If you never did so, let me have an imitation of myself *now*. We know you can do so if you choose." This was an awkard and dangerous position for the poor actor, who felt he should get into trouble for either falling short of or overdoing the character. Still the autocrat was determined; there was no escape. Suddenly a bright thought struck the player, and drawing himself up, he assumed the exact bearing and manner of the Emperor, and in a voice so like that it made every one present start, said, "Poloffsky, give Martinoff (himself) a thousand silver roubles!" "Stop," said the Emperor, "I have heard quite enough. The imitation is admisable, but the entertainment promises to be too expensive. Give him the roubles, Poloffsky; and now mind, sir, let this be the last time you ever dare to mimic me here or elsewhere!" It is, of course, unnecessary to say Martinoff was too glad to pocket the money, and escape so well.

Effect of Laziness.

A lazy boy makes a lazy man just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Think of that, my little lads. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a lazy, shiftless vagabond when he was old enough to be a man, though he was not a man in character, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearance? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals have come to what they are by being brought up to do nothing useful. All those who are good men now, and useful to the community, were industrious when they were boys. If you do not like to work now, a love for industry can soon be acquired by habit. So, my little reader, I want you to look around at once for something to do, in doing which you can benefit somebody. Shun Idleness as you would the evil one.

GOOD ADVICE.—If the body is tired, rest; if the brain is tired, sleep. If the bowels are loose, lie down in a warm bed and remain there, and eat nothing until you are well. If an action of the bowels does not occur at the usual hour, eat not an atom till they do act, at least for thirty-six hours; meanwhile drink largely of cold water or hot teas, exercise in the open air to the extent of a gentle perspiration, and keep this up till things are righted; this one suggestion, if practiced, would save myriads of lives every year, both in the city and the country. The best medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence repose.

☞ A railway is to be built in Palestine. It will connect Jaffa with Jerusalem, will be about forty miles long, and, with a harbor at Jaffa, will cost half a million pounds sterling.

☞ The official statistics of the War Department show that upwards of 64,000 Union prisoners have died in rebel prisons.

☞ What is the most pleasant music in a ball room? That made by the *belles*.

☞ What clothing should lawyers wear? Chancery suits.

The History of Coal Oil and its Discovery.

When we speak of the discovery of coal oil, in reference to late events, it must not be mistaken for a modern invention.—The extraordinary attention drawn upon it by the discovery of a more abundant supply, by artificial wells, since the August of 1859, has made its previous history of comparatively little interest to one class of minds, but, on the other hand, has invested that previous history, to philosophic eyes, with all the charm of an archaeological investigation. Did not the builders of Babel use clay for bricks and slime for mortar? (Gen. xi., 3) It is evident from an examination of any of the ruins of Mesopotamia, that asphaltic mortar was the bed into which their alabaster wainscot pieces were set, and with which their vast terraces were compacted, and probably their roofs protected; the use of which so abundantly, only facilitated their destruction when the torch was at last applied. The pitch used was made by evaporating petroleum. That of Babylon we know was obtained from the sulphur, brine, and oil springs of Is; the products of which are still sold in the village of Hits. The story of the catastrophe of Sodom and Gomorrah, if not originated, was perpetuated by the vast accumulations of rock oil in the centre of the Dead Sea, as on the surface of a heated, simmering brine vat, where it is hardened by oxydation and drifted to the surrounding shores. A similar phenomenon—a lake of pure petroleum—elicited the amazement of the Spaniards who discovered Trinidad.

Oil springs, in fact, have been known and esteemed, and worshipped, in every age and many countries. Herodotus describes a bitumen spring in Zacynthus, Zantee, one of the Ionian Islands; and probably this spring sufficed the Egyptian nation for their incessant religious use of petroleum for mummies, the embalmment of which is amusingly described in Hunt's Merchants' Magazine for 1862. The "Greek fire" of more modern times was probably compounded of petroleum from the Zanteau springs. Dioscorides tells us that rock oil was collected in Sicily and burned in the lamps of Agrigentum. The classic home of naphtha is Baku, a high peninsula on the western shore of the Caspian Sea, containing thirty-five villages and twenty thousand souls, rocky and sterile, without an attractive spot, without a stream, without one drop of sweet water except what falls directly from the clouds, and without a tree. But coal gas rises everywhere from a soil saturated with naphtha, and numerous volcanoes in action discharge volumes of mud. From the time of Zoroaster the naphtha of Baku has been sent all over Asia for the service of the sacred fire of the Parsees. The liquid streams spontaneously through the surface, and rises wherever a hole is bored. But especially at Balegan, six miles from the capital village, the sides of the mountain stream with black oils, which collect in reservoirs constructed in an unknown ancient time; while not far off, a spring of white oil gushes from the foot.

Upon their festival occasions the people pour tuns of this oil over the surface of the water in a bay of the Caspian, and then set, as it were, earth, sea, and sky in a blaze of light. Sometimes far grander exhibitions take place naturally. In 1817 a column of flame, six hundred yards in diameter, broke out near Balegan, and roared with boiling brine and ejaculated rocks for eighteen days together, until it raised a mound nine hundred feet in height. Of course, the population use the oil for light and fuel and coat their roofs with it. A clay pipe or hollow reed steeped in lime water, set upright in the floor of a dwelling, serves as a natural and sufficient gas-pipe. The Ghebers bottle it for foreign use; the Ateeshjahms fire with it their lime-kilns and burn their dead.—No wonder the religious sentiment of oriental mystics was entranced by such a land of fire as Baku, where in the fissures of the white and sulphurous soil the naphtha vapors flicker into flame; where a boiling lake is covered with a flame devoid of sensible heat; where after the warm showers of autumn the surrounding country seems on fire; flames in enormous volumes rolling along the mountains with incredible velocity, or standing still expectant; When the October and November moons light up with an azure tint the entire west, and the Soghdo-ku, Mount Paradise, the eastern buttress of the Caucasus, covers its upper half with a glowing robe; while if the night be moonless, innumerable jets of flame, isolated or in crowds, cover all the plains, leaving the mountains in obscurity. The Gheber and the chemist here may worship side by side. All the phenomena of distillation and combustion, under varying barometric and thermometric conditions of the atmosphere, may be studied; for none of this general fire burns unless when captured and applied to human uses in the lamp or stove or kiln. In the midst of this devouring element—through this world in flames—men live and love unharmed, tend sheep, plant onions, sleep, are born and die, as in more prosaic regions. The reeds and grass are in nowise affected by the flowing oil or by the burning gas. In fact, Rottiers, the traveller, thought the whole phenomenon electric, when he noticed that the vacuum in his thermometer tube seemed to be especially full of flame, and that the east wind put to quiet the whole exhibition; with which fact we may compare the curious discoveries of Moffat with his phosphorous themometer, published in Silliman's Journal, December, 1862, p. 437, as bearing on his theory of two normal opposite air currents. From an equally remote era the Burman empire and northern Hindostan have received annual supplies of rock oil from the wells of the Himalayan valley of the Irrawaddy, through Rangoon; and it has always been a favorite drug in the Indian pharmacopoeia.

In Italy, the oil wells of Parma and Modena date back nearly two centuries, the year 1640 being that assigned to their discovery. The springs of Ammiano have long lighted the streets of Genoa

In France, oil springs have been known from time immemorial at Clermont and Gabian; and in Canton Neufshatel; and in Bavaria, Germany.

In the English coal mines, of course, the coal-oil gas—the dreadful fire-damp—was always a well known demon to the mining population; but in 1659 Sherley, perhaps first, describes it to the reading public as an illuminating gas. In 1733 Sir James Lowther laid pipes along the mines and burned the gases at the surface of the earth. Dr. Clayton's retort experiments to which we referred above, at the beginning of section 2, were six years later still. His "incondensible spirit" he burned in bladders for the amusement of his friends, as did Dundonald again in 1786, and Murdock in 1792. But the lighting of London streets and houses with gas came not till 1842. Twenty years have elapsed, and there are in Great Britain and Ireland 1,015 gas-works, with a capital of $90,000,000, charging an average of $1 80 per thousand cubic feet to small consumers, and deducting from five to thirty per cent. for heavy consumption. Some of these companies pay twelve per cent. dividends, and many of them ten per cent. The average capital of British gas-works is said to be nearly twenty per cent. less than that of American works.

In America the history of coal-oil commences with the use which the white settlers found the Indians made of it for medicine, for paint, and for certain religious ceremonies. The settlers adopted its medicinal use alone, and retained for more than one affluent of the Alleghany river the Indian name of Oil creek. The one which has become so celebrated lately, enters the river a few miles above the town of Franklin. The oil was collected both by the natives and the whites by spreading blankets on the marshy pools which line the edges of the bottoms at the foot of steep hill-sides, or even mountain walls, such as hem in those valleys and support a table land of coal measures above. The remains of ancient pits, with notched logs for ladders, show how long the product has been valued by the aborigines. But although in all the valleys of western N. York and Pennsylvania, eastern Ohio and Kentucky, and northwestern Virginia, the evidences of the almost universal existence of the Seneca oil was known to the early settlers, its actual abundance underground was not dreamed of. Even long after the era of salt-well boring had begun, the isolated cases of spouting wells did not teach the truth as it is now known. Some of the oldest salt wells of the Pittsburg region, it is true, and of the Kanawha valley, yielded not only brine, but also oil and gas in great abundance; and in more than one place, and with a partial and temporary success, the gas was tubed off and led beneath the boiling vats for fuel. But it was too fitful in its escape to be relied upon; the oil which accompanied it was of no use, and when abundant a great nuisance. Hildreth describes the quantities of petroleum spouted from the salt well bored in 1819, in the valley of the Little Muskingum, in Ohio, and the tremendous explosions of gas which interrupted, sometimes for days together, the flow of brine. It was this fitful and ungovernable *vis a tergo*, having its unknown seat of power in the deep, which made every effort futile to employ the gas as fuel.

Travellers, however, report that this has been successfully done by the Chinese salt-makers for many centuries. As for the oil, continues Hildreth, it made for itself a local commerce, beginning to be in demand for lamps in workshops and manufactories, and the suggestion was already made that it would serve to light the streets of the cities of Ohio. It is not a little singular, says Mr. Hodge, that with the sources of supply thus pointed out, and the useful application of the petroleum understood, its value should have remained unappreciated, and, at the expiration of more than thirty-five years, be at last perceived through the progress of experiment made upon the distillation of bituminous shales and coal. But the fact seems to stand thus: the natural coal oil was a disgusting and imperfect thing, and there was neither the pressure of necessity nor the favor of science applicable, in Ohio, in the beginning of the century, to its purification. The destruction of the whale fishery, the increase of the railroad system, with its rolling gear and workshop machinery, and the coming in of lard oil as a substitute for whale oil, all had to intervene between the inception and the performance of the coal oil drama.

It was in 1847 that Mr. Young, in Glasgow, (the most intimate friend, by the way, of the African traveller, Livingstone,) had established his purification of petroleum from the Ridding's mines in Derbyshire, boghead cannel, common coal shales, peat and solid bitumen, and introduced the use of these mineral oils to such an extent that a search for the native article, long known to exist, was set on foot in earnest. The oils of the coal region of America at once commanded principal attention. The first practical movement in this direction was not made, until, in 1854, Messrs. Eveleth and Bissell, of N. York, secured the right to the upper spring on Oil creek, and organized a company. Still, three years passed before Mr. Bowditch and Colonel Drake, of New Haven, began the first Titusville boring, striking the oil stratum at seventy-one feet depth in August, 1858. The drill sank suddenly into a cavity, and the oil rose within five inches of the surface, and was pumped off at the rate of, at first, 400 and afterwards 1,000 gallons per day. The news spread. The wildest speculation soon raged. Every acre of land in the valley, and part way up the steep hill-sides, for ten miles south of the boring, as far as to the junction of Oil creek with the Alleghany river, was bought up by eager contestants for a fortune sure to be realized in a few months. Hundreds of wells sank speedily to various depths. The once quiet, beautiful valley became a noisy den, a hideous desert. Derricks, scaffolds, and pumping gear took the places occupied by the tall forest trees or blooming orchards. Groups of warehouses, barrel factories, boarding houses, and whole villages replaced each solitary farm-house. The stream was dammed and sluiced for artificial floods, harbors were excavated in the lowest places, and the rest of the intervale became a stinking bog of mud and salt mingled with oil. Not a blade of grass was to be seen, and nothing to be heard but the clanking of the pumps, the blowing of some new well in its first energy, the shouting of drivers urging miserable mules and horses through the nauseous mud, dragging empty barrels to the wells, or full ones down to the stream, where the boatmen fasten them together for the next flood. Long barges filled with casks, or with the oil itself in bulk, lie waiting for the moving of the waters, when the upper dam is opened. Among them are to be seen strange crafts, composed of barrels lashed together like a raft, or barrels sawed in two and lashed together thus, to carry the oil in bulk, and filled to the brim.

Occasionally the pond freshets, as they are called, become scenes of ludicrous disaster. The latest were those of December 2 and December 5, 1862, in which fifty thousand barrels of oil were lost. "The loss on the Alleghany river," writes a correspondent, "is estimated at 400,000 or 500,000 gallons." The scene is graphically described in the columns of the Philadelphia Coal Oil Circular of December 13: "The boats grounding in great numbers; the larger overriding, crushing, and swamping the smaller craft, and breaking each other up. In the Friday's freshet twenty ill-secured boats at the